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THE Nation

AUGUST 4, 1956
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GOLDA MYERSON

First Interview with Israel's New Foreign Minister . . *by Dan Wakefield*

Post-Stalin Shock

Europe's Reaction to Dethronement

by G. D. H. Cole

The Great Chaplin Chase

by Ernest Callenbach

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A COMMUNICATION

THE NATION'S Presidential poll evidently hopes to test the relative popularity of an Eisenhower-Nixon ticket versus an Eisenhower slate without Nixon, and the pulling power of the various Democratic hopefuls. Such a poll, of course, has its merits. But by limiting choice to the two major parties it entrenches two pernicious myths:

a—That a vote for any but the Democratic or Republican Parties is a "wasted" vote.

b—That voting is the major essence, the alpha and omega, of political action.

The Madison Avenue propagandists have labored adroitly to implant the notion that we must "vote for a man who has a chance," rather than a man who stands solidly for an anti-war program. Their efforts have obviously not been in vain because more and more the liberal world relapses to the choice of a tweedledee as against a tweedledum, and the act of dissent at the ballot box becomes an almost subversive notion. Few liberals even dare think these days of a La Follette third choice or of drafting Justice Douglas. The hundreds of thousands who were once Socialists and neo-Socialists dismiss with a disparaging wave the candidacy of Darlington Hoopes. After all, Douglas or Hoopes "don't have a chance!"

This is a deliberately misleading view of politics or democracy. Politics consists of supporting the Montgomery bus boycott, the judicial fights for civil liberties, the ACLU meetings to discuss the loyalty bills, all kinds of pressure for social reform. Politics consists of voting for the men on top, but even more it consists of *pressure from the men at the bottom.* The weakness of our American democracy in recent years is that we have had infinitesimal pressure from the bottom for a correct foreign policy, for an unblemished civil-liberties program, for Negro rights, for an equitable distribution of national income, for a decent minimum wage, for extending social security.

Of late politics has been limited to the ritual of voting for a "man" or a group of men. We vote, not for an ideology or a program—though the two parties draw one up and immediately forget about it—but for candidates who are ballyhooed and neon-ized by the mass media. We get a questionable choice once every two or four years and then we are expected to "drop dead" in the intervening periods while the men whom we elect run the government. This is the fruit of apathy by our people — liberals included — and the pyramiding conformity.

In reality the electoral process ought to be something different. It ought to be the end result of a process of political education, and an act of firm assertion as to what the people want. In that sense, the way to waste your vote is to vote for Eisenhower, Stevenson, Harriman, Kefauver or Symington on the ground that "there is no one else." It is a vote for a militaristic foreign policy. It is a vote that does nothing to educate Americans against militarism. What can possibly be more wasteful of American ideals or dreams?

THE Democratic and the Republican hopefuls all boast that they have supported the bi-partisan — and false — foreign policy of recent years. With only minor differences of emphasis, all espouse the mistaken notion that we shall defeat the Communist bloc by major reliance on military strength. All pay lip service to social and economic measures against the Soviet wave, but all place their main emphasis on the military. None — not even the most "left" of the Democrats — has had the courage to say that he wants no "parallel action" with the Pentagon, that he wants to give up military bases in Spain or Formosa bought at the price of supporting reaction. None favors breaking our alliance with France so long as she suppresses the rightful aspirations of the Algerian people. None really implements the thesis that we must join the world revolution now going on in Asia, Africa and elsewhere. This year the Negro question has shaken the staid politicians. Danger that the Negro might change sides or sit this one out has caused terror in the ranks of those who would like to glide by this issue with a few salaams towards "moderation" and "patience." But the absence of a third choice hurts the process of democracy here too.

It ought to be the role of liberals to exert pressure on public officials and political candidates, and never permit themselves to be taken for granted. To the extent that the voice of dissent is muffled, the bi-partisan candidates need pay no attention to our wishes. Only to the extent that they must woo the dissenter, to the extent that they fear possible political reprisals, will the

(Continued on page 108)

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

89 • The Shape of Things

ARTICLES

90 • Post-Stalin Shock
by G. D. H. COLE

93 • Israel's "Direct" Policy
by DAN WAKEFIELD

96 • The Great Chaplin Chase
by ERNEST CALLENBACH

99 • Ivan's Take-Home Pay
by FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

101 • Spring Near the Airbase (poem)
by LOUIS O. COXE

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

102 • Eisenhower Family Group
by GORDON HARRISON

103 • Terrible-Tempered Mr. Graves
by M. L. ROSENTHAL

104 • Stock Meeting
by H. H. WILSON

104 • Vast Light (poem)
by RICHARD EBERHART

105 • Selected New Books
Philosophy
by ABRAHAM EDEL

106 • *Films*
by ROBERT HATCH

107 • *Records*
by B. H. HAGGIN

CROSSWORD PUZZLE
(opp. 108)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

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THE Nation
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The Shape of Things

"Comfort and Commodities"

As the opening dates for the conventions draw near, both parties remain united in the massive bi-partisan pretense that the one great issue is Eisenhower. This issue apart, writes William S. White in the New York *Times*, the issues "are gray and quiet . . . not unimportant at all, but not striking at all." But there are plenty of issues and many of them are noisy, colorful and striking. Here are six:

1. How to wind up the cold war, achieve a lasting peace with Russia, strengthen the United Nations and take the first steps toward general disarmament—by, for example, calling a halt to further nuclear-weapon tests.

2. The need to formulate a sensible foreign economic policy that would reflect a willingness to abandon attempts to use superior economic bargaining power to wring unfair concessions from less favored nations and to substitute mutually satisfactory trade agreements freely negotiated.

3. The importance of committing both parties and all candidates to an unqualified endorsement of the Supreme Court's mandate to end segregation "with all deliberate speed" and to establish a timetable in which the various steps or stages would be clearly defined. With this commitment should go support for a civil-rights program of the type recommended in our special issue of July 7.

4. Civil Liberties: the minimum commitments acceptable under this heading would be, first, a promise to scrap the existing federal loyalty-security program in its entirety and reaffirm pre-cold-war standards based on competence, character and integrity; and, second, a promise to stop further Congressional inquiries into political beliefs, activities and affiliations, past or present.

5. The admission of China to the United Nations.

6. The need to reappraise foreign aid, not in terms of how best to "contain" hypothetical enemies or win allies in a cold war or prop up corrupt, dictatorial and unreliable regimes, but how to further world economic development—preferably through the United Nations—and to find economic alternatives for arms production as a means of keeping this country's vast productive apparatus fully engaged. Other issues might be cited which are neither gray nor quiet. It is not the absence of issues which has made this such a dull campaign to date but an unwillingness to consider unpleasant social, political and economic realities. For as Mr. White suggests, the national mood at the moment is one of intense preoccupation with "comfort and commodities" and it is difficult to make an issue of either—doesn't everyone want them?—as long as they last.

The Man in the Middle

"Why did he do it? And why, if he felt he must, did he fail to protect his Boston flank?" These questions will long puzzle students of the strange political career of Harold Stassen as they ponder his weirdly unprepared attempt to launch yet another "ditch-Nixon" movement. Stassen's statement, of course, was a tactic of desperation. Nixon, if renominated, stands a good chance of succeeding to the Presidency; even if he should fail to inherit that high office, he would still be the inevitable Republican nominee in 1960 and he is a young man. So in the spirit of Childe Harold, Stassen concluded that he had "better sink beneath the shock/than moulder piecemeal on the rock."

The editorial consensus is that Stassen's most "unteamly" act assures the renomination of Nixon and thereby has helped the Democrats. But has it? The question of whether Nixon will help or hurt the Republican chances if he is named with the President is one which cannot be determined exclusively in terms of what the polls reveal, including *The Nation's* preferential poll, the results of which confirm Stassen's appraisal. In Samuel Lubell's phrase, Nixon is "negotiable both ways"; that is, he occupies, by studied choice and careful planning, the position of an in-between figure, a broker between the right-wing Republicans and the Eisenhower variety. In this respect he is rather like the border-state politicians who have often been nominated for the Vice Presidency by the Democrats. If Nixon had never been Vice President, it would be generally agreed that someone else, say, Governor Herter or Charles P. Taft, would make a stronger nominee. But he could not be "ditched" without offending the right-wing Republicans. The right-wingers would never vote Democratic; but they might, as some of them have threatened, simply stay home, for in the eyes of many of them Eisenhower is a kind of New

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Dealer. Faced with this problem, the Eisenhower Republicans first tried to get Chief Justice Warren to serve as a replacement for Nixon; this would have solved "the Nixon problem" without the danger of a revolt or stay-home strike. The next move was to initiate a "squeeze" with the objective of inducing Nixon to withdraw, but the Vice President was fully aware that he occupied a strong position. Once these moves failed, there was nothing for the Eisenhower Republicans to do but close ranks behind Nixon.

What his renomination will do, as we pointed out last week, is to give the Democrats an issue, for it raises the question of whether thoughtful citizens will vote for Eisenhower knowing that the effect may be to elevate Nixon to the Presidency. The Democrats control the committee that is investigating the activities of Murray Chotiner, Nixon's political manager. The committee will probably delay public hearings until after the Republican convention. Then, if Nixon is renominated, the Democrats on the committee will open up on Mr. Chotiner, and Senator Joseph McCarthy, a member of the committee, may be dramatized by TV cameras as the ardent defender of the man behind Nixon. The hearings could be of major interest.

"Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight"

The Formosan Chinese are worried these days. They are afraid that sentiment in the world community has now set a term to their days in the United Nations as representatives of "the Republic of China." They have made known their apprehension to the Administration which has its own queasy feeling that it, too, can read the all-too-clear writing on the UN wall. So President Eisenhower recently sent Chiang Kai-shek an assurance to warm the chilled heart: "Let there be no misapprehension about our own continuing steadfastness in continuing to support the Republic of China." And Congress wrote into the 1957 State Department appropriations act the provision that: "It is the sense of the Congress that the Communist China government should not be admitted to membership in the United Nations as the representative of China." The Senate Appropriations Committee then added a rider to the foreign-aid bill alerting the Administration—as though it needed any alerting!—to Congress's consistent opposition to the seating of Peking's representatives in the UN. Finally the House passed a resolution 391-to-0 reaffirming its opposition to such dread development and the Senate concurred by a vote of 86-to-0. This expression of the solemn will of Congress followed no serious debate and no consideration whatever of the merits of the issue. The immediate cause of Washington's noisy affirmations and reaffirmations is, of course, the mounting fear on the part of the Nationalists that their make-believe "Republic" is about to collapse. But the more frequently and emphatically and unanimously Congress keeps saying "curfew must not ring tonight," the clearer it becomes that the bells are about to toll for the Nationalists. World opinion will not be misled by the "unanimity" of these pious declarations which only serve to advertise Chiang's concern and our hypocrisy.

POST-STALIN SHOCK

How the Left Reacts in Europe . . by G. D. H. COLE

London

IT IS obviously much too soon to make any definitive estimate of the effects of recent changes in the Soviet Union on either the Socialist Parties of the West or the Communist Parties which dispute with them the allegiance of the working class in the Western countries. It is still far from clear whether the Russians themselves have now moved as far as their leaders are minded to go, or whether the momentum of the decisions already taken will speedily carry them a long way further, whether they will or no. No more can be attempted at present than a highly provisional estimate of the impact on Western Communists and Socialists of the dethronement of Stalin.

I had better stress most what I feel I know most of — the personal reactions of Communists and left-wing Socialists with whom I have had some individual contact. I should explain first of all my own record and attitude in relation to communism. I need hardly say that I have never been either a Communist or what is called a "fellow-traveler," because the socialism I have always believed in is of a sort in which great stress is laid not only on personal freedom of speech and organization, but also on the need for diversity and for the widest possible diffusion of power and responsibility. In social philosophy I have been always a *pluralist,* rejecting the notion that absolute sovereignty belongs to any single person or group and insisting that the proper basis for the organization of a free society

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must be *functional*, with power and responsibilities split up and shared between co-operating but autonomous agencies, so as to leave the individual free to choose his own primary allegiance instead of being subjected more than is unavoidable to a centralized authority over which he is too weak to have any effective control. I am still, in fact, what is known as a "Guild Socialist"; and I can imagine no kind of Socialist more entirely immune from the contagion of the "power" concepts which underlie Communist doctrine.

NEVERTHELESS, I have always regarded, and continue to regard, the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia as a tremendous and admirable achievement, and have recognized that, given the conditions of Czarism and the enmity shown towards the revolution by the capitalist world, it was unavoidable for it to take a highly authoritarian form. It would have been quite impossible to carry through the revolution in Russia, or to maintain it against its adversaries, without the presence of a highly disciplined party prepared to take strong, and even ruthless, action and to gather power into its own hands with little regard for those liberal values of which the Russian peoples have had no experience at all. To deny the right to such action is equivalent to saying that the Russian Revolution either ought not to have happened at all or ought to have allowed itself to go down to defeat at the hands of its enemies, who were certainly no less ruthless than the Bolsheviks were forced to be. I have therefore always refused to join in denunciations of the Communists based on ignoring or denying these hard necessities; and I have no patience with those so-called Socialists who are first and foremost anti-Communists — and Socialists, if at all, only a long way after. I try, however, to distinguish between those evils which arose unavoidably out of the condition of Czarist Russia and the perversions which I think could have been avoided without lessening the prospects of revolutionary success.

The danger that such perversions would occur was, I feel sure, inherent in the fundamental doctrine of the Communist Party as it was worked out by Lenin well before 1917. This danger is indeed inherent to some extent in all revolutionary action directed to bringing about fundamental changes in the structure of society; for such revolution involves both destroying the old order root and branch and building up the new order under circumstances in which it is out of the question to observe the niceties of democratic behavior. In a revolutionary situation — above all, in such a situation as existed in Russia in 1917 — great concentration of power was inescapable; and it is always much easier to concentrate power than to disperse it afterwards.

In my view, two things went wrong in Russia from an early stage. The first was the attempt to impose the Russian pattern of revolution on the whole world, to be pursued everywhere by the same methods. This was Lenin's error as much as it was anyone's; and it led directly to the splitting of the world Socialist movement so as to destroy its chances of victory in the West — above all, in Germany. The second error was not Lenin's, but primarily Stalin's. It consisted of what Trotsky at once denounced as the "bureaucratization" of the Communist Party under Stalin's manipulative control, with the effect of destroying the interior democracy of the party and replacing "*democratic* centralism" by centralism without democracy. Trotsky saw this degeneration of the party being brought about well before Lenin's death, and denounced Stalin for it in his famous booklet, *The New Course;* but he was unable to affect the trend and became the first of Stalin's victims.

The present leaders of the Soviet Union have advanced some way towards a denunciation of both these errors. They are now admitting the possibility of alternative roads to socialism — though it is still by no means clear how far this admission extends; and they are attacking the "cult of personality," for which the bureaucratization of the party laid the foundation, but have so far failed to trace the growth of the cult back to its origins in the middle 'twenties, when Stalin was busy converting the party into his personal power-machine.

In reacting to the attacks on Stalin launched by Khrushchev and others at the Twentieth Congress, Western Communists and Socialists alike have been almost compelled to consider first of all what attitude to take up towards the blackguardly features now admitted to have been present in the Stalinist regime, at any rate during its later stages. The anti-Communists have naturally tended to say, first of all, "We told you so," and to suggest that the official "repentance" has not yet gone nearly far enough, in that what has been most at fault has been not Stalin's personal shortcomings as a moral being, but rather the infection of the entire Soviet society with a deep-seated disease of totalitarian immoralism inseparable from the basic concepts of centralism and the one-party state. The Communists, no less naturally, have for the most part not seen the matter at all in this light, but have in many cases been deeply revolted by the revelations of trumped-up charges leading to the shameful liquidation of good, honest revolutionaries whom Stalin felt to stand in his way. Such Communists have experienced, first and foremost, a sense of personal shame in having allowed themselves to be deceived into defending the indefensible — and in the process telling a great many lies it now hurts them to remember. In effect, these Communists have relapsed into a condition which less sensitive-minded comrades regard as contemptible bourgeois or petit-bourgeois moralizing, quite unworthy of being entertained by anyone who sets out to guide his course by the star of historic determinism.

THESE tough-minded Communists may regret that Stalin made serious "mistakes" — which were mistakes because they harmed the revolutionary cause — but feel no moral reprobation, even if the "mistakes" led to the wrongful condemnation, execution and disgrace of good comrades, whom they regard as having suffered in a good cause. Stalin's sins are thus reduced to mere errors of judgment; and no conclusions are

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drawn except that it is necessary to avoid endowing any individual with the arbitrary power which made such immense "mistakes" possible. It is assumed that collective leadership will somehow provide an assurance of better sense — *not* that there was anything in the system of centralism and one-party government that accounted for them. Thus, there are two sharply opposed reactions; one of which rests on moral revulsion, whereas the other, rejecting such a revulsion as "bourgeois" moralizing, admits mistakes, but does its best to minimize their seriousness by insisting on the greatness of Stalin's revolutionary contribution.

SO FAR, the signs of moral revulsion have been clearest of all in Poland, and least clear of all in France. The French Communists, indeed, appear to be standing pat and to be going as near as they dare to ignoring the whole matter; whereas the Poles seem to have reacted very strongly, not so much against Stalin personally as against the entire concept of centralized discipline and suppression of freedom of speech. The Italians seem to stand between these extremes. Togliatti has pertinently observed that the present leaders of the Soviet Union cannot be allowed to evade their share of responsibility for the occurrences they have now been moved to denounce, and has thus thrown doubt on the view that collective leadership can be relied on to correct the errors now attributed exclusively to the cult of personality. This attitude may well be due in part to the fact that the Italian Communist Party is much closer to the main Italian Socialist Party — that of Nenni — than other Western Communists are to their Socialist Parties: so that Togliatti has to take account of the likelihood of defections to the Nenni party unless he tries honestly to face the reality of what has been disclosed.

The Yugoslav Communists are placed in a quite different situation from either the French or the Italians. During their quarrel with the Comintern they went a long way not only in relaxing the control of free speech and of personal freedom but also in decentralizing the regime by a real diffusion of power, functionally as well as locally, into the hands of committees and councils representing the "common man" — or at all events the local citizen and rank-and-file producer. The Yugoslav leaders had good reason to know the truth about Stalin long before the Twentieth Congress, which actually took place at a moment when they were busily engaged in restoring good relations with the Soviet Union and therewith emphasizing their differences with the Western "democracies." They were accordingly not at all minded to extend their case against Stalin into a general case against the political system of the Soviet Union.

In comparison with the parties so far mentioned, it is of small account how the Communist Party of Great Britain reacts, because it has so little working-class backing and counts for so little in influencing the course of events. Nobody outside the narrow ranks of the CPGB cares much what line it takes. But of course its members do care a great deal; and there is every sign that they are sharply divided among themselves. Of their most notable leaders, Harry Pollitt, who has been removed from his post as general secretary, has ceased to count; and his successor, John Gollan, is still something of a dark horse. Palme Dutt, the outstanding intellectual of the party, belongs unquestionably to the amoralist wing which wishes to play down Stalin's "mistakes" and is opposed to any major change in the party's attitude or policy; but even he, taken to task by many of his former admirers for his first public expression of his views in the *Labour Monthly,* has been forced into a most confusing half-retraction which still amounts to a comprehensive defense of Stalinism, barely modified by an admission that Stalin did make certain serious errors of judgment. There is, however, good evidence that Dutt's hold on the party, though by no means shaken off as yet, is being strongly challenged, and that the challenge comes mainly from those who feel most deeply the moral aspect of the questions raised by the recent revelations and are conscious of their personal share in the deceits. The British — Communists no less than others — are a moralizing people, accustomed to conduct their affairs — including the class struggle — mainly within the limits of decent, civilized behavior without drawing sharp distinctions between bourgeois and proletarian standards or being ready to argue that the revolutionary end is enough to justify the means. For a number of British Communists whom I know personally the outstanding effect of the recent revelations has been that of a deep moral shock; and most of these men and women have, I think, not yet had time to move on from this initial reaction to any renewed consideration of future policy — except that the shock has made many of them eager to diminish their feeling of isolation from other left-wing Socialists and has taken away much of the pride they used to feel in being of the true "vanguard" of the historic movement towards the coming Socialist society. It has become possible, as it was not until now, for left-wing Socialists such as I to converse freely with Communists of this type, with a sense of assurance that each of us is doing his best to speak out honestly about what he believes, without holding anything back for fear of damaging our respective "causes" or seeking to score points rather than to follow the argument where it leads.

I DO NOT profess to know what will come of this ferment of minds, which so far seems to have spread hardly at all to the official Socialist Parties of the West — or at all events to their official spokesmen. But recently at an unofficial Paris gathering of non-Communist, left-wing Socialists from a number of countries — at which we set up a new organization, the International Society for Socialist Studies — I was deeply impressed by the extent of the change that seemed to have come about in the attitude of most of those present on the issue of Socialist-Communist relations. None of those present, I believe, regarded it as possible in the near future to

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achieve any formal rapprochement between Communist and democratic Socialist Parties in the West; but most of us did seem to believe that the time had come for individuals from both camps, instead of merely abusing one another or remaining entirely apart, to begin discussing our differences in an amicable way and to look out for points of agreement. That was the spirit in which the new society — ISSS — was founded: behind it lay a conviction that the changes now going on in the Soviet Union and in the entire Communist movement cannot possibly stop short at the point they have reached so far, but are the beginning of a long, and probably checkered, course of re-thinking and adaptation that will, in the long run, react no less profoundly on the democratic socialism of the West than on the communism which is only now beginning to face the fundamental challenge thrown out by its own outstanding leaders.

ISRAEL'S "DIRECT" POLICY

First Talk with Golda Myerson . . by DAN WAKEFIELD

Jerusalem

MRS. GOLDA MYERSON is a tall, sturdy woman of fifty-eight whose appearance and speech bear little resemblance to the image that has been assigned her in the press since she replaced Moshe Sharett as Israel's foreign minister in mid-June. The many reports and editorial analyses have made her either a shadow or a mirror of David Ben-Gurion, and promoted the impression that the shadow would follow or the mirror reflect a more "war-like" attitude on the part of the Prime Minister. The interpretations have left little room for Mrs. Myerson as a person or a diplomat — and her own approach to war and peace.

The popular interpretation of Sharett's removal for Mrs. Myerson has been that Sharett was a block to active reprisal against the Arabs — a block that Ben-Gurion was eager to remove. Mrs. Myerson, then, was supposed to be a willing accomplice to any sort of moves — aggressive or otherwise—Ben-Gurion might want to carry out.

This tidy view of the cabinet shift has neglected Mrs. Myerson's own political history and attitudes. The first and most striking conclusion to be drawn from her career is that Golda Myerson is totally unqualified to play the part of pawn for anyone. Her qualification for the foreign minister's post at this stage of Israel's current history is not based on an ability to adapt herself to any role — but on the fact that her beliefs and abilities make her especially fitted for this particular role at this particular time.

IT IS a time when, Israel's original approach to foreign affairs having met with frustration, the nation is trying out a new emphasis (rather than a basic change) in its foreign policy. The old approach, shaped by Moshe Sharett, emphasized the hope of finding salvation for Israel from the great powers — especially, the United States — and in subordinating particular home-front security problems to that larger end. That hope for outside salvation, in the form of getting defensive arms to balance off the Czech arms deal with Egypt, or getting a big-power security agreement, had still failed its goal in mid-June, when Ben-Gurion engineered the cabinet shift.

But Ben-Gurion was quick to rule out the conclusion that many observers had drawn from the cabinet change. In his speech to the Knesset (parliament) of June 19, following Sharett's resignation, he stated clearly: "Preventive war is madness."

What, then, was the new approach? Ben-Gurion probably came closest to the heart of it in saying in his June 19 speech that "We must strengthen ourselves in order to be able to say 'no' to the greatest powers in the world and to stick to it." Salvation from the outside world had proved illusory, and in a sense, Sharett's forced resignation was Israel's acceptance of that reality. As Moshe Sharett was eminently fitted to carry out the old approach, Golda Myerson is eminently fitted to carry out the new one.

The new foreign minister of Israel is a woman with a proven ability at saying "no" to great-power governments. In the days when the British mandatory government had cut off large-scale Jewish immigration to Palestine, Golda Myerson was one of the foremost workers in conducting the illegal immigration of Jews, and in promoting active armed resistance against the mandate government. Her simple philosophy of the problem became the byword of Jewish action against the government: "We have no alternative."

When the British arrested the top leaders of Zionism in Palestine in 1946 they excluded Mrs. Myerson, evidently in deference to her sex, and she immediately took over as the leader and spokesman of the Jewish community — a job which involved many "no's," both in words and action, to the British.

Israel's disillusionment with outside salvation brings it automatically to a greater emphasis on pressing for direct negotiations with the Arabs. Mrs. Myerson is almost a symbol of this hope, for her famous talks with the late King Abdullah of Jordan

DAN WAKEFIELD'S meeting with Golda Myerson is the first foreign-press interview she has granted since becoming foreign minister.

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were the last high-level attempts for peace between Jewish and Arab leaders, and approached a real possibility of co-operation before the outside pressure of the Arab world, and Abdullah's failing power, doomed them.

FROM a personal standpoint, Mrs. Myerson's appointment was an answer to the much publicized "conflict in temperament" between Sharett and Ben-Gurion. Mrs. Myerson has known and worked with Ben-Gurion for forty years. Her views may be close to those of the Prime Minister on the current problem of Israel — but they are more than mere reflections of his views. She has opposed him on occasions in the past, and even won out over him — as in 1948 when he wanted to go to America to try to raise money for arms that Israel needed for survival. Mrs. Myerson felt that it was vital for him to remain in his own country, and felt that she could carry out the fund-raising mission herself. When Ben-Gurion still insisted on going, she had the question put to a vote of the government executive. They voted for her to make the trip, and Ben-Gurion stayed at home.

If the time comes when Mrs. Myerson's views seriously conflict with those of Ben-Gurion, it seems more likely that she will change her job than her views. But for the moment her views are those that mark Israel's new approach to foreign affairs.

Mrs. Myerson expressed some of them to me when I talked with her on July 17 in Jerusalem, after she had been in office as foreign minister just short of a month.

"The way to peace is through direct negotiation," she told me. "If the Arabs would only be willing to sit down with us in direct negotiations, an agreement can and could be reached."

I asked whether Israel would be willing to discuss concessions in territory or in repatriation or compensation for the refugees.

"We will not sit down to any talks if we are expected to agree to certain conditions beforehand," Mrs. Myerson said. "We are prepared to sit down to a clean table. Anybody can talk about anything he likes."

She emphasized Israel's willingness to talk with the Arab leaders by recalling Ben-Gurion's statement to Ibrahim Izzat, the Egyptian journalist who visited Israel. Ben-Gurion relayed a message to Mr. Izzat that he would be willing to meet with Abdul Nasser at any time, at any place.

She mentioned that Mr. Izzat had visited with her at her home, and said he would invite her to Cairo. To the bad name of Arab hospitality, as well as the hopes for peace, Mr. Izzat has not yet extended the promised invitation.

The "direct" approach in foreign policy, which stresses the willingness of Israel's leaders to meet in negotiations with the Arabs, also has its war-like aspect. Israel's policy of large-scale military raids in retaliation against border harassments is its plainest and most direct method of quieting a "hot" border. The reprisal raids have discouraged infiltration and shooting on the border, but have also seriously damaged Israel in outside opinion. Even in Jewish communities, Zionist fund-raising regularly drops after one of the Israeli raids.

This was reportedly one of the main points of conflict between Ben-Gurion and Sharett. The raid on a Syrian army installation last December, in retaliation for Syrian firing on Israeli fishing boats in the Sea of Galilee, was reported to be a major strain in their relations. The raid was made just when Sharett thought he had gotten his foot in the door for a U. S. consideration of Israel's arms request. The door banged shut, and Sharett supposedly wasn't informed of the timing of the raid.

A FOREIGN policy emphasizing salvation from the outside would naturally be opposed to such raids. But an independent policy geared to Israel's daily security needs would be more likely to use the raids as a means for discouraging the habitual "incidents" on the borders. I asked Mrs. Myerson if she thought that there was any alternative to these "reprisal raids."

Golda Myerson

"We see this (the reprisal raid) as a means of self-defense," Mrs. Myerson said. "Certainly we do it very reluctantly. But it is the policy of the government that the life of the people of Israel — the fate of the people of Israel — cannot be in the hands of Arab leaders or chiefs of staff who have shown that they don't value the life of our people. We have been elected to this government to defend the life of our people."

Each reprisal raid is clearly an instance of saying "no" to big-power authority. I mentioned Ben-Gurion's statement that Israel had to strengthen itself to be able to oppose the big powers, and asked Mrs. Myerson how she felt Israel could say "no" to the great powers when it still hadn't received the requested defensive arms from them.

"There are certain things so basic to the existence of a nation," Mrs. Myerson said — "honesty and self-respect, and the necessity to defend the life of the people—that the nation must be able to say 'no' to suggestions which are dangerous to the preservation of these things, no matter what the circumstances."

One of the main arguments behind the U. S. rejection of Israel's request for arms is that the United States would become too clearly identified with Israel and the Arab countries with Russia, thereby danger-

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ously increasing the chance of a world war starting in the Middle East. I asked Mrs. Myerson if this was a valid argument and she said:

> We have never been able to understand why the danger of war should be less when Israel is weak and the Arabs are encouraged by arms from Czechoslovakia and Britain in Egypt, and from the United States in Iraq and Saudi Arabia — why a weak Israel open to attack does not create a danger of war. We feel that the way to avoid war is to put Israel in possession of enough defensive arms that she will not be vulnerable. It is the same principle the East-West bloc works under — keeping each side so strong that neither side can see victory.

It had seemed to me that a logical conclusion of the argument that selling arms to Israel would be dangerous on grounds of U. S. identification with Israel and Russian identification with the Arabs, was that Israel could relieve such a situation by becoming more identified with Russia. I asked Mrs. Myerson if she thought that closer ties with Russia would be beneficial to Israel.

"Israel is an independent country," Mrs. Myerson answered. "She has some basic principles — among which are democracy and freedom. According to these principles, we form our society, and after that we're prepared to be friends with anyone. These basic principles of our way of life are not dependent on particular situations. We are true to ourselves."

The day before I talked with Mrs. Myerson, the papers had reported that Bulganin had said he would give "serious consideration" to any Israeli request for technical assistance. When I asked her if she would be in favor of Israel accepting technical aid from Russia, she said that Israel would be prepared to accept technical aid from any country.

In view of Mrs. Myerson's statement that the best hope for peace was in direct dealings with the Arab countries, I asked if she would be in favor of attempting direct dealings on the regional plan for development of the Jordan River. Israel stopped work on the Jordan River diversion canal in 1953 at Syria's complaint that the canal entered part of the demilitarized zone marked off in the Israel-Syrian armistice agreement.

[See *Waters of Jordan* by Dan Wakefield; *The Nation,* July 21]

Mrs. Myerson said that although Israel would like to enter in direct negotiations with the Arab countries on the Jordan River, "We have no means of direct negotiation. Mr. Eric Johnston has done his work with a great deal of effort and ability, and it is not his fault that he didn't get an agreement. I am sure he would affirm that we have been co-operative and prepared to go along with the regional plan."

This May, the American engineer Abel Wolman, who is chairman of the Board of Water Consultants to Israel, said that "strictly from an engineering standpoint," Israel would have to go ahead with the diversion canal in the next six months to avoid serious permanent damage to Israel's water supply. I asked Mrs. Myerson if she took this "engineering deadline" as a "political deadline."

"We've waited close to three years on this project," she said. "The government has to consider seriously the expert's opinions, and the dire need for water and power in our country and in neighboring countries. But Israel cannot be asked to regulate its desire for development to the desire, or lack of it, on the part of its neighbors. We are anxious to go on with the Johnston plan. In the light of the non-desire of our neighbors to go ahead with the plan, Israel feels it has the right to take the decision on when to go ahead with the work."

THE recent Israel foreign policy has already shown an emphasis on getting back to the heart of matters which have been at a longstanding stalemate. In the last week of June Mrs. Myerson and David Ben-Gurion requested UN Chief of Staff General E. L. M. Burns to ask Jordan's compliance in observing article eight of the Israel-Jordan armistice agreement, which assures Israel free access to Jerusalem's Mt. Scopus (where the Hadassah hospital and the Hebrew University Library are located). Free use of the area, provided for in article eight, has not been granted since shortly after the armistice was signed. This, and the blockade of Israel ships through the Suez Canal, which violates a section of the Israel-Egyptian armistice agreement, are two of the most "permanent" violations of the Israel armistice. I asked Mrs. Myerson whether, if other methods failed, Israel would eventually use force to try to assure compliance.

"We don't like to use force in anything," she said. "Egypt and Jordan are violating the armistice agreements, Egypt, for example, by the blockade of the Suez Canal and Jordan by the denial of free access to Mt. Scopus. We are demanding that the UN enforce these conditions — apply great pressure in making Egypt and Jordan live up to the armistice agreements. We consider each armistice agreement an entity in itself. The participants cannot just choose which articles they want to live up to. Each side must live up to the agreements in their entirety."

Golda Myerson has spent her life living up to — and beyond — a number of difficult commitments, and she speaks with a natural as well as an official authority in asking others to do the same. Marie Syrkin wrote in a biography of Mrs. Myerson that "The sense of outraged Jewish dignity made her a Zionist; the sense of outraged human dignity made her a Socialist."

These are commitments so easy to talk of, so difficult to follow, and it is possible perhaps to appraise this woman by considering that she followed the commitments of Zionism and socialism to a conclusion as Foreign Minister in the Socialist labor-party government of the State of Israel.

The course of commitment led Golda Mabovitz Myerson from Kiev to Milwaukee to Denver to a collective farm in Palestine in 1921. In 1924 she went to work for the Histadrut, the General Federation of Jewish Labor in Palestine, and became one of Zionism's leading figures.

When the first Israel cabinet was formed, Mrs. Myerson was named as Minister of Labor, and held the post

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in each succeeding government until her shift to the foreign ministry this June. The new position makes her the second woman foreign minister in history, after Communist Rumania's Ana Pauker, who was ousted in 1952.

It was difficult to associate this heavy history with the woman in the Foreign Minister's office in Jerusalem, perhaps because her enormous dignity is so much a part of her that it doesn't protrude in the obvious air of the "official woman." When I walked in to the long, green-carpeted room she rose from behind the desk at one end and came forward with her hand outstretched. She was wearing a grey and white polka-dot dress, and with her greying hair pulled back from her head and the great smile on her long, sharp-featured face, she seemed more like a sympathetic high-school principal than a lady foreign minister. And this was the woman who put on Arab dresses and veils in 1948 and crossed the border for a secret meeting to try to negotiate peace with Abdullah.

The Great Chaplin Chase..by ERNEST CALLENBACH

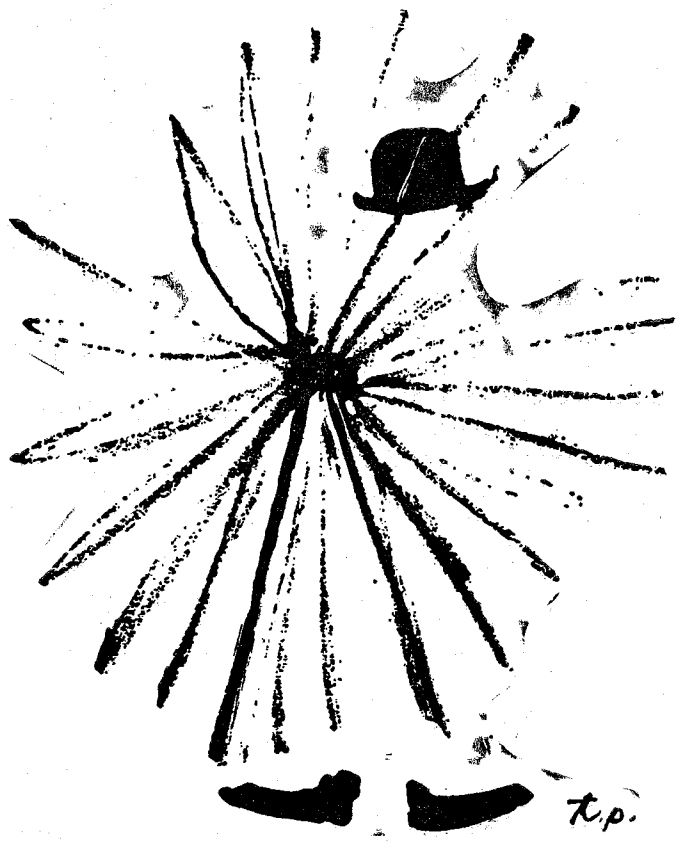
CHAPLIN first arrived in the United States in 1910, a twenty-one-year-old music-hall comedian. He left September 17, 1952, probably for good and amid much acrid publicity, the "one universal man of modern times"—or, at the very least, the world's most famous comedian and one of the screen's few great men.

The intervening years were years of triumph for Chaplin in many ways; but they were also years of turbulence and struggle to a greater extent than many people remembered during the last uproar.

Relatively recent were the sensasional headlines and legal hocus-pocus of the Joan Berry case in 1943-44. Some readers may recall the court battles with Lita Grey in 1926-27. But there was much more, too, which provides the material for a study in the curiously bad public relations between the brilliant, controversial celebrity and the nation he lived in.

Many Hollywood figures flouted moral convention without arousing the same concerted hostility—John Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Errol Flynn, Robert Mitchum and others. Many have held irregular political views as well. Apparently Chaplin's leftish but naive political outlook earned him enemies who joined forces with domestic puritans and patriots; and thus sexual and subversive themes became coupled in the public image of Chaplin which his detractors promoted. The present story, in a way, is more about America than about Chaplin.

ERNEST CALLENBACH wrote Our Modern Art, the Movies.



Chaplin came from England with a vaudeville company in which he learned much of the pantomime skill he later perfected in his films. He signed his first picture contract ($150 per week) with many doubts. At the Keystone studio he had trouble adapting his slower, subtler style to the fast-and-rough tradition of the Keystone Cops, Fatty Arbuckle, Mack Swain and the other Sennett clowns. With his thirteenth picture, however, Sennett gave him a free hand, and from then on he wrote and directed all his own work. Later he was also to produce and score his own films, becoming a unique individual creator in an "art-industry" characterized by extreme division of creative labor.

After a year at Keystone, making one comedy a week, Chaplin's growing popularity enabled him to switch to Essanay at a salary of $1,250 per week. In May, 1915, came the first of the headlines announcing legal combat over the Chaplin name and fame. Enterprising individuals had begun manufacturing Tramp statuettes, infringing (Chaplin's suit charged) on the costume to which Chaplin claimed exclusive rights.

The comedian's fame grew steadily. He appeared at benefits; fantastic

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reports circulated about his earnings. In 1916, Mutual offered him a guarantee of $500,000; he got $670,000. In 1917, estimates of his yearly earnings ran as high as $1,000,000, and First National offered him that amount. Such spectacular sums, together with his enormous screen popularity, kept Chaplin conspicuous even in the midst of growing film-colony extravagance.

When America entered World War I he began to have a new kind of trouble. Now working in his own studio, producing for First National, he started to receive oddly emotional letters demanding that he enlist. A physical examination showed him to be unfit, but the clamor continued even after he spent two months touring for the Third Liberty Loan.

In November, 1918, Chaplin married Mildred Harris. By the middle of March, 1920, the papers were carrying reports of domestic strife, and in August Chaplin filed divorce proceedings. Charges and countercharges flew; in November, 1920, Mildred obtained a divorce, getting $100,000 and a share in joint property. The publicity over the case was damaging; Mildred appeared as a wronged but still devoted wife, claiming humiliation and cruelty and hinting about another woman. During this period Chaplin was making *A Dog's Life, Shoulder Arms* and *Sunnyside* — his apprenticeship was over and he had become the acknowledged master of screen comedy.

In 1921, just after the release of *The Kid,* Chaplin brought his mother to the United States. She had difficulties with the Immigration Service both that year and the next, when she was detained and investigated; the papers said she was "mentally deranged as a result of shell-shock." Chaplin himself went off on a triumphant tour. He was mobbed by enthusiastic crowds in London, Paris and Berlin; he was decorated by the French government. And he was sued for $50,000 by one L. Loeb, who charged that his ideas had been used in *Shoulder Arms.*

Then came the on-again-off-again affair with screen siren Pola Negri, and the ugly rumor that Marina Vega had killed herself by taking poison in the Chaplin home. Hollywood was now widely regarded as a hotbed of vice and wild living, and a "moral crusade" led to the formation of the Hays office in 1922. Chaplin went on working—*A Woman of Paris* appeared in October, 1923.

Mildred Harris had been only sixteen when she married Chaplin. Much prying speculation took place when Lita Grey, who married Chaplin in November, 1924, was also found to be only sixteen and therefore still subject to the school laws of California. By February lawyers were reportedly seeking a settlement for the bride.

Other public business continued: Chaplin sued Charles Amador (alias Charles "Aplin") for imitating him and managed to have his make-up ruled his private property (though a later decision reversed this). The immigration authorities next moved against Chaplin's mother, ordering her to leave the country. Chaplin fought the order and won a postponement. She remained here until her death in 1928.

THE spate of printed material dealing with Chaplin increased to grotesque proportions. The New York *Times* reported solemnly on August 12, 1925, that Chaplin had a slight cold; on August 14 he was said to be better. The intricacies of Chaplin's possible influence on a proposed merger of M.G.M. and United Artists were explored. The Soviet movie trust publicly invited him to take part in a film based on a Gogol satire. The dying of his hair for film purposes aroused much comment. Imitators sprang up like weeds. Sober film critics and intellectuals made pilgrimages to his studio, and their praise helped create an impression that Chaplin was not only a great comic but a profound social thinker.

Late in 1926 Lita left him, taking the children, and initiated the second sensational court fight of Chaplin's law-beset life. Lita asked $1,000,000 alimony and separate maintenance; she announced that she had turned down a London theatrical offer to "attend her babies." Spurning a proposal that she and Chaplin each take one child, she filed for divorce.

Meanwhile Chaplin sued the *Pictorial Review* for printing a particularly damaging life story. Tension over the divorce case grew as an injunction was placed on Chaplin's property, preventing him from cashing checks or transferring or disposing of assets. And with this came the first signs of really widespread trouble. The mayor of staunchly Catholic Quebec barred advertisements of Chaplin pictures. Receivers seized his property. The mayor of Seattle asked the local censors to consider banning Chaplin pictures from the city. The League of Women Voters in Ottawa (Illinois) asked for a ban. But Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York, approached on the matter, said he would take no action. The Miami Beach (Florida) Woman's Club launched a counter-offensive, asking theatre owners to show all the Chaplin pictures available. In mid-January, 1927, Chaplin suffered a "nervous breakdown" and rumors began circulating that he might commit suicide.

The Lita court case included some inspired sequences of real-life comedy. Sam Goldwyn was summoned to tell of Chaplin's assets and business dealings. The federal government, following the testimony with interest, filed an income-tax lien. Three safes were drilled open in a vain attempt to locate Chaplin's assets. Private and government lawyers squabbled over priority of claims. Professional moralists grew more heated day by day. Pasadena (California), even then gaining a reputation for municipal witlessness, banned Chaplin's films.

SUSPECTING the outcry was synthetic, however, the Theater Owners Chamber of Commerce sent out a questionnaire to 438 exhibitors, asking them to find out what their customers really thought. Assured that the *grand public* of the cinema not only wasn't prejudiced against Chaplin, but was if anything even more eager to see his films, the body adopted a resolution praising Chaplin's "clean and wholesome" pictures and affirming confidence in him "as an artist and as a man." Other defenders of Chaplin began to make

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themselves heard. The Motion Picture Theater Owners joined the TOCC in supporting Chaplin. The Green Room Club of New York presented him with a gold plaque.

Legal proposals went back and forth, minutely chronicled by the newspapers. Chaplin's funds were freed, but his work on *The Circus* was constantly interrupted. Lita asked police protection from death threats she claimed to have received by mail, and Chaplin began to take on an almost ghoulish aura in some press reports.

Chaplin's suit to restrain further numbers of the life story in the *Pictorial Review* failed. The Russians again invited him to work with them, this time "to escape pious hypocrisy." He agreed to pay $1,000,000 to settle the income-tax claim, and Lita finally got $625,000 for herself and $200,000 in trust for the children; a few days after the grant she was honored by an audience with President Coolidge.

AFTER the divorce furor died down, other items kept cropping up. One A. Kopesky sued Chaplin for plagiarism, and lost. Chaplin refused a $1,000,000-contract offer; he was placed in the "Contemporary Hall of Fame." He entertained Professor and Mrs. Einstein. Going abroad again, he met MacDonald, Shaw, Lady Astor and denied a rumor that he had sent greetings to the Communist youth of Germany. He called financiers comic when they played economists in the sweep of a disastrous depression. He was Briand's guest; he hunted with the Duke of Westminster; he received the decoration of the *Légion d'Honneur*.

In 1933, after suing unauthorized "dupers" of his films, he took a trip to the Far East with Paulette Goddard. The gossip mills went full blast; at the end of 1936 it was revealed that they had been married over a year. Then *Modern Times* came out and Films Sonores Tobis sued Chaplin (unsuccessfully) charging plagiarism of René Clair's *A Nous la Liberté*.

With the Hitler regime moving toward war, Chaplin announced that the proceeds of his next film, *The*

Great Dictator, would go to aid Jewish emigrants from Nazi persecution. After the German invasion of Russia, he advocated an early second front and fullest cooperation with the Russians; this, in the minds of some, was later to facilitate an easy jump from the premise "satirist" to the conclusion "subversive."

In June, 1942, Paulette Goddard got a divorce—quietly, to her everlasting credit. But a year later Joan Berry opened another legal fracas by naming Chaplin the father of her unborn child and suing for expenses and support. Chaplin denied the charge, but agreed to pay Joan an allowance pending the paternity trial. A few days later he married Oona O'Neill, daughter of playwright Eugene O'Neill.

The law machinery turned again, with incredible barrages of publicity. At one point Chaplin testified that he thought 95 per cent of the papers were against him. Blood tests indicated that Chaplin could not be the father of the child. But instead of the paternity suit being dropped thereupon, as the stipulation provided, it was continued, various judges ruling that such a stipulation could not be binding on the possible rights of an unborn baby. The jury deadlocked, however, and a mistrial was declared. A new suit was then brought against Chaplin, with roughly the same evidence being introduced; Chaplin was convicted and became the legal father of the child. He was ordered to pay $5,000 to Joan's attorney and $75 weekly for the support of the child, which he is evidently paying still, since an appeal was denied in 1946. Justice rolled on, doubtless lubricated by Chaplin's admission that his fortune amounted to nearly $3,000,000.

Late in 1946 *Monsieur Verdoux* was released, and met a cool reception; after a short run Chaplin withdrew it and it has never been released since. With the advent of the cold war, outraged cries against Chaplin became more frequent and took on a specifically political tone. By April, 1947, he found it necessary to deny that he was a Communist and to explain why he never became an American citizen. Columbus (Ohio) threatened a boycott. Congressman Rankin demanded deportation. Chaplin was called before the Un-American Activities Committee. The Catholic War Veterans urged the State and Justice Departments to investigate him.

During 1948 the publicity front was quiet, and Chaplin worked on in his usual secrecy. But in 1949 he was labelled subversive by the Tenney Committee, California's bush-league McCarthyite group. Senator Cain urged deportation.

The year 1950 was again uneventful, marked only by the striking response of the American public to *City Lights*, reissued after nineteen years and reportedly the most profitable picture of the year. This box-office verdict did not faze the busybodies, however, and in 1951 and 1952 things picked up again. A hint of things to come was the news that Chaplin and Mary Pickford were selling their controlling interest in United Artists. Meanwhile Chaplin sued the National Broadcasting Company for libel in implying he was a Communist.

Then came the final crisis. With *Limelight* completed, Chaplin departed on a world cruise. Attorney General McGranery revealed that, sure enough, the Justice Department would now probe Chaplin's alleged subversive activities to determine his fitness for readmission to this country. The department ordered an investigation of the Paulette Goddard divorce, hoping to turn up evidence of "moral turpitude."

Chaplin's world tour continued, this time with a new dimension: in France he was treated as a martyr to hyper-Americanism, and the press all over Europe was hostile or suspicious toward McGranery. Chaplin was nominated for the Nobel Prize, redecorated in France and greeted by the new queen in London.

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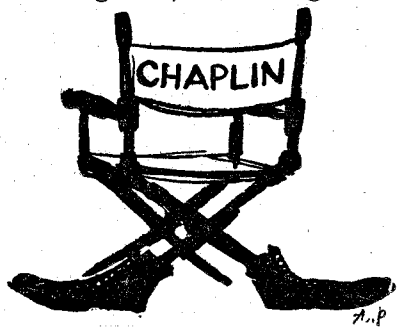
But McGranery, too, received honors — in the form of a plaque from the American Legion (California Department). Oona returned to the United States on business, reportedly withdrawing a cool $4,000,000 from the Chaplin funds. In January, 1953, Chaplin revealed plans to live in a newly acquired $350,000 Swiss chateau. He turned in his re-entry permit in April, issuing the following statement:

> It is not easy to uproot myself and my family from a country where I have lived for forty years without a feeling of sadness.
>
> But since the end of the last World War I have been the object of lies and vicious propaganda by powerful reactionary groups who by their influence and the aid of America's yellow press have created an unhealthy atmosphere in which liberal-minded individuals can be singled out and persecuted.
>
> Under these conditions I find it virtually impossible to continue my motion-picture work and I have therefore given up my residence in the United States.

If he had not been rich enough to employ himself, Chaplin would probably have been forced long before to join the numerous blacklisted movie people trying to work in foreign studios. His Hollywood employees, it was said, "regretted" his decision, but there was no tangible effect on his film enterprises. *Limelight* was withdrawn by the Fox West Coast and Loew's New York theatre chains under threat of American Legion picketing, but most exhibitors were less easily scared and the picture has made a good deal of money.

And this, we may surmise, is the end. Neither the Immigration Service nor the Justice Department has had anything more to say. Chaplin will probably make a few more films and will probably keep his recent embittered promise not to send them to the United States. But the strangely intense resentments of which Chaplin was the target will have to be directed elsewhere.

Looking back, their strength seems to have come from a rare concatenation of circumstances. On the simplest level, Chaplin's nonchalance toward the supposed glories of United State citizenship enraged patriots, as his sexual free-wheeling shocked moralists. Moreover, his almost unseemly earnings, and his dependence as an artist on public favor, made him a popular mark for gold-digging females and would-be scenarists with itchy legal trigger-fingers; both secured sympathy from a still widespread American puritanism. Also, his power as a screen artist aroused the natural resentments which many people pay as an unwilling tribute to genius.



Drawings by Palladino

Of the cross-currents of public conflict which flowed around Chaplin during his American career, however, the most interesting involve a less explicable brand of hostility — a kind which may unconsciously prove the true "subversiveness" of Chaplin's humor. His underdog comedies stirred the great movie masses; with a kind of folk-anarchism, Chaplin was constantly puncturing approved ideas and behavior. What further reason would powerful men need for a deep hatred of the clown who had made more people laugh than anybody else in history?

IVAN'S TAKE-HOME PAY

Russia Revisited: III . . by FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Third of a series on the New Russia by the noted political scientist.

Moscow

NON-MARXISTS, or at any rate some among them, are capable of recognizing, without accepting the Marxist formula of "base" and "superstructure," that the most important fact of life for most of the world's people is the *modus operandi* of their livelihood. Russians, with their vision warped by the higher dialectic of the class struggle, are endlessly curious as to how Americans make their bread. Americans, often victimized by comparable misconceptions, want to know how Russians live.

The answer is not simple, but complex and paradoxical. Many learned tomes and monographs on the Soviet planned economy cast murky light over the issue. Yet the facts, in terms of human beings, are elusive. No journey to Sovietland, however intensive or prolonged, can yield more than a small sample of evidence gleaned from observation, questions, answers and discussions. The impressions thus acquired are nonetheless worth reporting, the more so as they bear little relationship to the prejudice abroad of those who have embraced either heavenly or hellish images of the Soviet way of life.

Americans in Muscovy are, at the outset, misled. Their "Intourist coupons"—neatly graded into third, second, first, superior and de luxe classes in the "classless society"—are a good bargain in terms of hotels, meals and transportation. But all "incidentals" must be paid for in rubles issued at the rate of four to a dollar. The cheapest brands of cigarettes will thus cost the voyager a dollar a pack (4 rubles), beer $1.25

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a bottle (5 rubles), pipe tobacco $1.75 or more a package. Any meal he may venture to eat outside of Intourist restaurants will cost—$10.00 to $20.00; laundry, haircuts, taxis, etc. are all in proportion. From this painful fact of life, it is easy to conclude that the Soviet cost of living is fantastically high: women's hose (of kapron, similar to nylon), 15 to 25 rubles; women's simple dresses, 300 rubles; theatre and opera tickets, 10 to 30 rubles; chocolate bars, 15 rubles; shoes, 600 rubles; ready made men's suits, 1,000 rubles; television sets, 2,000 rubles; bicycles, 600 to 800 rubles; motor cycles, 7,000 rubles; etc.

THIS first impression is not altogether inaccurate. (If it were wholly accurate the Soviet common man would be on the verge of starvation instead of being modestly prosperous, as he obviously is.) Marx simultaneously praised and condemned "capitalism" for compelling workers to produce more than they consumed. The praise assumed, correctly, that free enterprise was far more efficient than slavery or feudalism in keeping consumption below production and thus fostering saving, investment and economic progress. The condemnation assumed, I believe fallaciously in long historical perspective, that this process was a monstrous and immoral system of "exploitation" to enrich the few at the expense of the many. The Soviet economy is in one respect (and only one) more efficient than capitalism: through the turnover tax and the price system it extracts more "surplus value" out of workers and consumers than capitalism can ever do, and invests the proceeds in ever more grandiose plans of industrialization. That this process enriches a constantly growing stratum (or shall we say "class"?) of engineers, technicians, managers, bureaucrats, planners and propagandists, rather than "bloated plutocrats," makes it no less and no more a system of "exploitation" than laissez-faire capitalism in its heyday.

Be that as it may, first impressions are unrealistic as a guide to living costs for Soviet citizens. Exchange rates are purely arbitrary and discriminatory. For example, West Germans get 95 kopeks for their marks, while East Germans get 1 ruble, 80 kopeks, despite the fact that in Germany one *Westmark* is worth four to five *Ostmarks*. A rate of 12 or 15 rubles to the dollar would enable Americans in Russia to buy consumers goods at prices comparable to those prevailing here. The current rate makes the USSR, as regards "incidentals," the most expensive country in the world for American travellers. Small lacquered boxes, which I bought in 1933 in Torgsin stores for $3.00 (these stores, long since abolished, sold goods at moderate prices for foreign currency), are now priced in gift shops at 100 to 300 rubles.

Yet the easy inference that all Russians are living in abject poverty by virtue of high prices and low wages is demonstrably false by all the evidence of eyes and ears throughout Muscovy. These people are "poor" by American standards but "well-to-do" and flourishing by the standards of life familiar to two-thirds of the human race. How can they afford to pay prices which are still "high," despite successive annual price cuts since 1947? The familiar device of comparing American and Soviet prices in terms of hours of labor required to earn the cost of this or that commodity is more realistic than reliance on meaningless exchange rates. But even this formula misses the heart of the problem of the relationship between Soviet wages and prices.

THE fact is that Soviet society, developed by Marxist-Leninist planners dedicated to a social ideal of egalitarianism, is a far more *unequal* society than American society, if we omit from the reckoning the Texas oil millionaires and a few other recipients of huge incomes. It is not unequal in opportunity for economic advancement, which is open to all political conformists on an immense scale in accordance with ability, but is highly unequal in the current distribution of income.

Monthly wages of unskilled laborers average 400 rubles, while skilled workers commonly earn 800. Physicians—an unprivileged group in the USSR, with two-thirds of their number women—earn 700 to 2,000 rubles. Aeroflot hostesses receive 1,200 and pilots 3,800 rubles monthly, with scientific researchers earning 2,000 to 3,000. Managers, marshals, and cabinet ministers earn 5,000 rubles per month or more. Popular novelists and musicians may occasionally earn as much as 30,000 rubles a month. The poorest paid live on black bread, cabbage and kasha, which are cheap. The best paid, plainly, can afford candy (30 to 100 rubles a box), caviar and champagne.

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A typical urban "intellectual"—let us call him Dmitri Ivanovich—works in a research institute and earns 2,000 rubles a month. His wife does likewise, at the same salary. Very few Soviet families have only one wage earner. Children, beyond two, mean income rather then outgo. Rent is nominal. Each family pays 1.60 rubles monthly for each nine square meters of housing per person, and 3.20 rubles for each square meter beyond this minimum. If Dmitri has three in his family and has been lucky enough to secure quarters somewhat larger than the minimum, he will pay in toto for rent, heat, gas, electricity, radio and telephone about 200 rubles a month, or 5 per cent of the family income—a proportion for these items seldom exceeded by the poorest of the poor or the richest of the rich. All medical and dental service is gratis, as are almost all forms of education and social insurance. Income taxes are negligible. Dmitri's lectures and articles earn substantial additions to income. He and his family live well by Soviet standards, even if his apartment appears cramped and crude to American eyes.

Our Dmitri obviously belongs to the new élite, not to the masses. How fares Ivan Ilyich, a typical collective farmer? His kind still constitutes a majority of the Soviet population, living in the innumerable villages scattered over the 92,000 *kolkhozes* served by some 9,000 machine-tractor stations. His farm, let us assume, is of medium size: 3,500 hectares or 8,750 acres. Most of it is in wheat or barley for pasture. Some 400 hectares are in corn and 120 in vegetables. The farm has 800 cows, 600 pigs, 120 horses and sells milk and meat as well as grain. Ivan is one of 500 workers in a total *kolkhoz* population of 240 families and 1,000 persons. Of the gross output, 35 per cent goes to public-purchasing agencies at low fixed prices. This includes payments to the local machine-tractor station. The balance, including the surplus output of all private-garden plots, is disposed of at higher prices in the "free market," individually by the members or collectively by the farm depending upon their annual vote on the issue.

Last year the farm, which is in the black-earth zone, earned 3,000,000 rubles in profits and paid 280,000 rubles in taxes. Its members are compensated in terms of work units. During 1955 (a good crop year) Ivan earned in cash and kind the equivalent of 800 rubles a month. His neighbor, Zoya Cherkassova, who somehow acquired three milking machines, earned twice as much, though this is exceptional. The director and technical staff, paid by work units plus a salary, earn much more. Ivan is not "poor." New incentives and rewards for increased output promise to make him less so.

Soviet social statistics, unfortunately, admit of no precise calculation as to what proportion of the population belongs to what income group or what the rate of movement may be from lower to higher strata. Observation suggests that social mobility is high in this rapidly expanding economy and that, in the major cities at least, a substantial minority, and possibly a majority, of the residents have achieved an earning capacity which makes them, by Soviet standards, well-fed, well-clothed, and fairly well-housed. Current standards in such matters do not yet match Western Europe and, still less, America. Yet they represent an immense transformation of the Soviet way of life compared to the conditions of twenty years ago.

THE "new rich," whose ranks are steadily growing, can well afford to pay prevailing prices even for luxury items. The poor cannot. Yet they eat well enough, albeit still on a cereal diet, and dream of advancement. The new "middle class" flourishes and aspires to social promotion through hard work, thrift and efficiency, which are the latest social virtues fostered throughout the land by banners, slogans, public praise and pecuniary reward.

All of this has been achieved in a context of total socialism. Even street vendors of ice cream, soda water, beer, stamps and tobacco are salaried state employees, making no "profit" from their sales. The ultimate egalitarian ideal of "communism" is a remote event, misty and undefined save in meaningless Marxist clichés. Meanwhile, the Soviet "man in the street" finds himself living in a sharply hierarchical society in which he has experienced successive improvements of his lot. He is persuaded, not without justification, that if he keeps clean, acquires "culture," works eagerly and competently and ignores politics—apart from ritualistic obeisance to the party—he may rise into the ranks of the new aristocracy. And so, indeed, he may and probably will. How long he can afford to ignore politics in the process remains to be seen.

Spring Near the Airbase

A jet from the airbase wailing out of sight
Cuts in her afterburner, rolling time
And space out flat and level with her height,
While under the trailing sound geese start their climb,
Heavy, unheard and straggling towards their aim
As though this spring had summoned each by name.

The radar search-planes bound for Newfoundland
Go over the fisherman's drag or mackerel seine:
Whether by ebb or flood, the tide shall stand
Eternal to their height, the coast of Maine
Curve out its coves, vectors of course and speed,
Pips on a scope, a fallen magnitude.

Unclouded quadrants gather to a sphere:
Weather from here to Gander, rare as glass,
Tiers in a choir of engines hunting air
And radar flinching at the touch of mass.
High beyond birds and rigid under noon
The planes seek home unpeopled as the moon.

LOUIS O. COXE

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Eisenhower Family Group

EISENHOWER: THE INSIDE STORY. By Robert J. Donovan. Harper and Brothers. $4.95.

By Gordon Harrison

ONCE THERE was a quaint custom of locking up state secrets until a decade or two after the principals had died and were presumed decently out of reach of the warm breath of public curiosity. Lately reputations have become so perishable that our great men hurry to publish their memoirs before the book clubs have to explain who they were. If what we have been witnessing is a publishing trend, it has now come to an unchallengeable peak with the release of the inside story of the Eisenhower Administration while the outside is still marching on.

Robert J. Donovan, the able and conscientious New York *Herald Tribune* reporter, who has been admitted behind the scenes of the White House, calls his account of what he found there "a reporter's book"—which it is, and a good one, too. But he also means it to read a little like definitive history, presenting "an intimate picture of the varied and critical scenes of the President's life in the White House, in his office, at Cabinet meetings, in private conferences, in the making of high policy—and in some of his lighter moments, painting, playing golf or cooking steaks on the roof." If he has not wholly fulfilled his promise, it is not, one suspects, because of official reticence but because the private faces of the men he writes about are so like their public faces; their politics so marked at birth for public relations.

"In the privacy of the White House," Mr. Donovan writes at one point, "the President stormed over the slash in the mutual-security appropriation." One does not doubt that the President stormed; one only wonders about the quality of the privacy so easily and quickly invaded. Should it not have been a good deal farther from public view?

This is a serious question, particularly for an Administration continually threatened with being turned into a kind of animated advertisement of itself under the too tender care of Madison Avenue. The question recurs more and more insistently as one reads what are apparently meticulous summaries of the Cabinet meetings where Mr. Donovan says—and where the President himself has said—the real policy business of government is transacted.

WITH one or two exceptions, these meetings do not appear to have generated serious discussion. For the most part they seem to be forums for report and random comment. Secretary Dulles presents the foreign situation and often tells about his trips. Mr. Nixon reads the Congressional fever chart and advises on how to be popular. Ambassador Lodge, a regular and active participant, often plays his early role as Ike's sponsor vigilant to protect the President's reputation. Secretary Humphrey is impressively the naysayer, speaking customarily to warn against any federal action that might turn out to be unnecessary. Secretary Wilson is mostly silent, and so are the rest except when their own departmental business is on the agenda. Secretary McKay, for instance, has only one line in the book concerning matters outside the jurisdiction of the Interior Department and this he spoke while the President was in Fitzsimmons Hospital. McKay's comment: He "was convinced that planned economy does not work . . . . He advocated a return to the fundamentals of the Constitution."

It is notable that the Cabinet, apparently restricted by formal agenda and perhaps by its unwieldy size, does not throw out ideas for future study and discussion. When Stalin died, the President complained that the eventuality had been under study since 1946 but now that it had happened he could find no plans to guide our official reaction. Four months later after Beria was purged, Secretary Humphrey "mentioned the possibility of taking some forward step at this critical moment." No one had any idea what step to take.

A similar impression of ten men running to catch up with events emerges from the meetings during the 1954 recession. These uncovered considerable concern and abundant suggestions about what the government might do, but almost invariably ended with a decision to wait and see. A year and a half later Stassen, in the President's absence, recalled the Administration's bold action which he said put the economy back on its feet. Secretary Humphrey's memory was more accurate and more candid. "As for the recession, he said that the things the Administration did were without great effect."

The test of political wisdom finally is success. The recession passed, and so did the successive crises over Korea, Indochina and Formosa (about which, incidentally, Mr. Donovan writes with less "inside" information than can be found in newspapers and magazines). One cannot protest that the Administration should have done more for the sake of seeming dynamic, if, in fact, it did enough to meet the problems. There remains, however, a disturbing sense that in no case did the Cabinet as a group come to grips with national problems or provide either consistent advice or consistent testing of the President's ideas. The record, as Mr. Donovan summarizes it, shows the advisors, when they get together, less concerned with what they do than with how they look.

Although President Eisenhower

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does not share this preoccupation with appearances, he is oddly sympathetic with it. His attitude implies that he doesn't know much about that sort of politics but is anxious to co-operate with those experts who do. As the chief expert, Vice President Nixon makes the most of his special position outside but somehow above the inner councils, like a ringmaster. The President seems to suffer him not gladly but meekly.

Mr. Donovan's theme is the Administration's teamwork, or the dispensability of one man. Yet the book in fact separates Ike from the men around him in much the way they are separated in popular myth. The President appears full of liberal ideas and still more full of liberal instincts. He was heartily in favor of school aid, health insurance, loans to depressed areas, liberalized trade, federal financing of highways. He was upset that security-risk firings were causing individual injustice and assured his Cabinet that he would personally take responsibility for a better system if they could work one out. He got no argument on these questions, but he also got less than whole-hearted co-operation. The reason may perhaps be read between the lines after his illness. The Cabinet carrying on without him let down its hair and talked over aid to the farmer and loans to depressed industry like stalwarts of the Old Guard. This was when McKay urged a "return to private enterprise"; when Wilson wondered whether fertilizer and irrigation programs weren't just increasing surpluses; and when Humphrey "questioned whether a great deal could be done about the farm problem except to let natural processes do their work." Humphrey also warned against spoon-feeding loans to unfit industries, and Wilson agreed that such federal intervention "served no natural purpose."

If these hoary appeals to the "nature" of Herbert Spencer betray the private convictions still of the Eisenhower team, the stature of Ike the personal leader increases. But so does the danger of any accident which might remove him from personal command.

Terrible-Tempered Mr. Graves

THE CROWNING PRIVILEGE. Collected Essays on Poetry. By Robert Graves. Doubleday and Company. $5.

By M. L. Rosenthal

ROBERT GRAVES, the fine poet and jack of all literary trades whose *The White Goddess* has wielded such great influence, is an old-fashioned Romantic critic and a great modern antiquarian of a special variety. There are few more interesting literary essays of our day than some he reprints in *The Crowning Privilege*—essays such as the one on "Tom O'Bedlam's Song," which he brilliantly reconstructs, or on the seventeenth-century Mexican poet Juana de Asbaje, or on childhood memories of Swinburne, or on the Mother Goose rhymes or—perhaps the most ingenious of all—on how different poets "see" the scenes and images they present to us. Mr. Graves is old-fashioned enough in his prejudices as well as in his interests to resist the new "rediscovery" of Milton, Dryden, Pope, Wordsworth and Tennyson. These are all poets who, a short time ago, were being sharply downgraded, and it is amusing, perhaps wholesome, to see him offering vigorous, informed confirmation of opinions the common reader, however ignorantly, still cherishes.

It would therefore be pleasant to say that in most of these essays Mr. Graves—since, as he himself puts it, "someone has to speak out, and no one else seems prepared to do it"—subjects current critical premises to merciless but salutary scrutiny. There is no reason why the anti-Semitism of Pound and Eliot, for example, should not receive the public drubbing it continues to deserve, and which this book administers, or why false values in any writer, past or present, should not be exposed. Mr. Graves, who does not hesitate to suggest how Homer and Virgil could improve their lines, might well have been the man to pull us all up short and face us rightabout again.

BUT WITH all his wit and knowledge, unfortunately, he does not rest content to be one of God's angry men; he must enlist as one of Satan's brass-knuckled bully-raggers. It is an old weakness, but never before has he so demeaned himself as in his recent Clark Lectures at Cambridge, which take up almost half the present volume. These ungenerous, unworthy, gossipy lectures appear to be seeking easy victories over his absent rivals, dead as well as alive. Usually with little or no attention to their actual work, the "rivals" are summed up and dismissed as "sick, muddle-headed, sex-mad D. H. Lawrence," "poor, tortured Gerard Manley Hopkins," etc. Pound—strange insult, especially for a man who had the acumen to move East at the age of two!—becomes an "Idaho man" with a "patchy education." (It is true that he never finished his work for the doctorate, and must rest content with his M.A. degree.) Auden, who certainly needs chastising on some important esthetic counts, is snubbed because, like Tennyson, he "went to Spain in warlike ardour" but "saw no fighting." Worse, though he abstained from combat he "played plenty of ping-pong in a hotel in Sitges." Eliot, it is generously conceded, was "once . . ., however briefly, a poet" in the "haunting blank verse passages in *The Waste Land*"; but this concession is just possibly a rear-guard rationalization, to account for the respect shown the poem in Mr. Graves' and Laura Riding's *A Survey of Modernist Poetry* (1928).

Yeats receives the shabbiest treatment of all. During his lifetime, the two poets worked themselves into an absurd, backbiting impasse and occasionally murdered each other symbolically by recounting squalid little anecdotes about one another. Graves continues the practice here, but tries to make this latest assassination

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final by swinging away at Yeats' verse with a sledge-hammer. He seems almost hysterically unable to read Yeats sympathetically. For instance, he seizes upon the poem *Chosen,* in which the speaker is clearly a woman, and quotes the following incomplete passage:

> If questioned on
> My utmost pleasure with a man
> By some new-married bride....

Then, without looking squarely at the rest of the sentence, he comments:

> ....the awkward syntax suggests, at first, that he [Yeats] was questioned about his utmost pleasure with some man while someone else's bride lay close by. Even after the reader has mentally corrected the confused image, he is still left with a question by the new-married bride which seems to pre-suppose sexual commerce between Yeats and a man, not her husband.

The full inanity of this comment can be accounted for only by an uncontrollable anxiety to destroy Yeats' reputation at all costs. Graves is normally far too sophisticated to make this kind of blunder.

Yet this close-up of Robert Graves as a neurotic Philistine fingerman, playing for laughs from a stuffy audience at the expense of his most distinguished contemporaries, remains impossible to accept as the final picture. Side by side with it we have, scattered throughout the book, the penetrating, high-spirited personality that is the truer Graves, undiminished in stature by the competitive spirit of literary salesmanship and politics he so often and so rightly castigates. Here and there, too, we find beautiful statements of that primitivistic independence of organized, institutionalized pressures which is the key to poetic passion and value—and, did Mr. Graves but realize it, to the best work of many poets whom he attacks. (It is, however, one of the curiosities of this collection that he seems at times to equate war service, *the* basic institutionalization of the free spirit, with the dedication of the true artist.) Despite the dogmatic moral and political rules he sets up for poets, and despite his petulant disdain for those of his peers (almost everyone but Cummings) who have presumed to be unlike him in outlook, background or method, the "good" Graves will in the long run outlast the arrogantly snobbish one. The Muse, and therefore Love—to borrow his own favorite terminology—will prevail, and the spirit of Robert Graves will yet dine with those of Milton and Yeats on asphodel and honeydew, with a dash of repentant bitters.

Vast Light

The fighting nature of the intellect,
The loving nature of the heart,
The hand that hits, the blood that flows
The lift, and the abandonment,

Concern us not fitfully, in no abatement,
Speak to us not evenly, advance
Our good in no equal certainties,
Prevail without finalities,

As when we dare not speak out for justice
Having too fine a sense of discrimination,
Or as we do not know what to do
Speculating on the imprecision of action,

While time rolls over the richest meadows.
It is now the soul rolls over us.
It is the soul between the head and the heart
Is our air-borne master and our hair-shirt.

It is the soul that cannot be put into words
Is the word of control. Like it or not,
The soul is all that is left of time:
We see through it: we breathe it out.

I have come back to old streets at nightfall
After journeys among volcanoes and icebergs.
I have been up in sidereal glows,
I have eaten of the chill taunt of the spirit.

Whether I apply to the light of reason,
Or feed on insatiable night,
I am aware of light and of vastness,
It is the vague of the soul that I know.

RICHARD EBERHART

Stock Meeting

DIVIDENDS AND DEMOCRACY. By Lewis D. Gilbert. American Research Council. $3.95.

By H. H. Wilson

SINCE February, 1932, when he attended his first annual meeting, Mr. Lewis D. Gilbert has devoted his time to educating corporate managers and enlightening the owners of the American enterprise system. His role as the "perfect capitalist, living entirely on investment income," is made possible by the Gilbert family ownership of stock in some 600 corporations. On the strength of this and in the interest of his crusade for "a new democratic people's capitalism," Gilbert attends about 125 annual stockholders' meetings.

Those who take seriously the assertions of free-enterprise advertising may be surprised that the officials of American corporations did not welcome Gilbert's earnest endeavor to perform his duties as a responsible property owner. On occasion, in fact, they not only spurned his constructive proposals but threatened bodily injury. Not easily rebuffed, Mr. Gilbert persisted, became a skilled corporate parliamentarian, gradually acquired an impressive knowledge of management practices, and won recognition as the leader of independent stockholders. Today a number of executives are prepared to conciliate small stockholders and,

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possibly for the sake of smooth public relations, even express sympathy for Gilbert's aims.

Convinced that "true patriotism . . . is fighting for the greatest profit, preferably in the form of dividends for the greatest number of the American people," Gilbert envisions 70,000,000 stockholders owning and operating American business. Through the achievement of "corporate democracy" these owners will supply "both capital and brains," with the annual stockholder meeting becoming "a modern extension of the New England town meeting." Inevitably this development, according to Gilbert, "is the way to salvation, the check to communism, the cure for socialism."

One need not share his vision to be grateful for Gilbert's useful antidote to talk of "corporate trusteeship" and the "corporation soul" as a regulatory device. Perhaps unintentionally he has documented once again the fact that corporation policy derives from concern for the interests of a relatively few insiders, top officials and large stockholders. Though some concessions have been granted by management—improved annual reports, post-meeting reports, more accessible sites for the annual meeting—there is little overt evidence that management desires greater small-stockholder participation in company affairs. One may doubt, in any case, that "corporate democracy" can be given more substance than the notion of a "democratic army." The really significant fact may be that a tenfold increase in the number of shareholders, as Gilbert anticipates, would re-enforce the corporations' political power.

Selected New Books

Philosophy

BEING AND NOTHINGNESS. By Jean-Paul Sartre. Translated with an Introduction by Hazel E. Barnes. Philosophical Library. $10. This translation of Sartre's major metaphysical work has long been awaited by readers of his plays, novels and fragments, piqued in anticipation by the way the existentialist touch has given philosophical depth to personal experience. They will not be disappointed, but they will have to work at it. The book is long, arduous, technical, often obscure; but it shows clearly that approaching man's relation to the world through sensitive human feeling, striking situation or common experience—a feeling of shame or anguish or even a caress, as well as a thought or a query—is not mere whimsy, but expresses a full set of underlying conceptions of being, knowledge and personal existence; in this case, one that gives a fundamental place to nothingness "coiled in the heart of being" and to freedom in the structure of action.

CULTURE, PSYCHIATRY AND HUMAN VALUES. By Marvin K. Opler. Charles C. Thomas, $6. This volume in the American Lectures in Philosophy is an intensive exploration of the ways in which mental illness is to be studied in relation to the difficulties and stresses of different cultures and systems of cultural values. Making careful and critical use of an enormous number of anthropological and psychiatric studies, the author outlines the perspective and the tasks of a valid social psychiatry, one which is grounded in a view of personality development, normal and abnormal, as an integrated interplay of personal, social and cultural factors, and which is designed to be preventive as well as remedial.

ESSAYS ON THE SOCIOLOGY OF CULTURE. By Karl Mannheim. Edited by Ernest Manheim in Cooperation with Paul Kecskemeti. Oxford University Press. $6. Posthumous publication of three essays by the influential theorist of the sociology of knowledge. One explores the social dimensions of intellectual activity, seeing cognition and communication as inseparable functions. The second studies the intelligentsia—its natural history, types and roles. The third examines the democratizing changes in culture as the participating strata become broader. The latter two essays are especially characterized by fruitful insights, breadth of historical comparison and a lively sense of hopeful possibilities and opportunities, refusing to take the breakdown of many old patterns of order as simply moral and cultural decay.

ABRAHAM EDEL

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE ARRIVAL here of Federico Fellini's *La Strada* is going to start tongues wagging in film-society circles, and there will be rejoicing at this evidence that the neo-realist school of Italian film makers is still fruitful. I sympathize with this sort of talk: it gives the screen some artistic stature and it is great fun after the perfunctory praise or criticism that is about all one can manage for the run of commercial productions. But it can overturn its own good intentions by piling on more critical apparatus than a work so direct and unadorned as *La Strada* can carry. Chaplin's tramp has long since been encapsulated by the definers and Fellini's picture has much the same quality.

Any true movie is apt to have this quality, but we don't see many true movies. What we see for the most part are film versions of work done for other purposes and translated to the screen by teams of skilled technicians. The result may have entertainment value but it is almost always a frustrated movie.

La Strada, by contrast, is pure movie — it could not be done in any other form. It is not plotted like a book or a play; it moves instead along a narrative stream. Nothing in *La Strada* seems performed for the camera; events lead and the camera follows.

A brutish vagrant mountebank and strong man, traveling the backroads of Italy in a three-wheeled motorcycle van, buys himself a girl assistant who becomes his stooge, mistress, drudge and only champion. He trains her by whipping, like a dog, and hurts her more by his indifference to the wonders of the wide world. They join a claptrap circus and there run into a zany young acrobat, an enemy of long standing who goads the strong man with elfin pranks. There is a furious fight, both parties are banished from the circus and set off again on their separate travels. By bad luck they meet on the road again, the zany is killed, the girl falls into a mad introspection and her master abandons her in a vexation made frantic by fear. Years later he learns that she died; he knows then, as she had always known, how lonely he is — and he weeps.

That is how the story goes. It could have gone otherwise — what gives this type of running narrative its special force and quality is the apparently open choice at every crossroads. There is nothing you could call climax, but there are turning points and a tension that renews itself with each encounter. It is like a dance, which is what a good movie is most akin to.

The characters of these three develop slowly in the small things they do — glances and gestures and ways of shrugging or walking or watching a pot boil. Nothing about them is stated and, at least in the cases of the girl and the acrobat, they remain somewhat enigmatic to the end. These two, obviously drawn to each other on the instant, are as quick-mooded and unreflective as children or the simple-minded. One is reminded of the comforting theory that God in His mercy endows His fools with a special sweetness, goodness and exquisite perception. I doubt that Fellini intends anything so sentimental and I wish he had been able to draw the nature of these two a little more explicitly. However, the nature of his overall theme is explicit enough: it is a parable about the intercourse of strength, tenderness and wit in this world and about the terrible loneliness that comes when they cannot relate to one another.

Anthony Quinn and Richard Basehart are familiar names, but their work as the brute and the zany is as different from their usual screen competence as flying is from crawling on all fours. Quinn's rough mastery of his crude little show (breaking chains and a debased fragment of *commedia del' arte*), his bull rage in the face of perplexity or new circumstances, and Basehart's inhuman agility and asexual glee are pantomime creations of a high order. Giulietta Masina, unknown here until now, is an actress of extraordinary grace and mobility; without being at all beautiful, she is enchanting and moods pass across her like light through leaves.

SPANISH matadors today work much closer to the bulls than did their predecessors of a generation ago. This is thought to introduce an element of tragedy into the sport — man and beast united in a sacrificial rite — and the breeders are now producing a smaller and less ferocious animal so that the toreros can hope to survive the esthetic intimacy. I learn this from *Bullfight,* the most thorough discussion of *tauromaquia* ever shown in America (a recent change in the censorship regulations makes the showing possible). I also learn that the picadors, on horseback, jab their spears into the bull's neck muscle to weaken this most dangerous part of his armament and that when this treatment and the sustained harassments of the cape begin to drain the fight from him, the banderillas, those slender beribboned darts, are deftly stuck into his shoulders to revive his courage.

I can see that it is a dangerous and elegant sport, highly mannered, full of nuances that only an aficionado can appreciate. I will not say that it is brutalizing, for I can see that the matadors are not brutes and that the audience is far too knowing to be merely sensationalized. But I will insist that it is not part of my tradition and would brutalize me if I tried to see it through Spanish eyes. They talk of "the moment of truth," which is the moment when the matador stands poised to drive in his sword, but death is not truth except to people captivated by death. The world is full of incompatibilities — you cannot, for example, feel akin to both *Walden* and the ritualistic slaughter of wild beasts in the hot sun.

Television

Anne Langman's third column on the TV industry investigations will be published next week.

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RECORDS

B. H. Haggin

RCA VICTOR'S new three-record de luxe album, *Caruso* (LM-6127), contains a number of the famous tenor's solo and ensemble recordings that were reissued on LP a few years ago, together with a number that are reissued for the first time. Most of the new ones offer only additional documentation of the period covered by the previous records—1906 to 1920; but three extend that period back to 1902: one can now hear the *"Amor ti vieta"* from *Fedora* and the Denza song *Luna fedel* recorded in that year, and the *"Una furtiva lagrima"* from *L'Elisir d'Amore* recorded in 1904. But they turn out not to be worth including: what the voice sounded like in 1902 is concealed by the poor recording and noise; and in the 1904 performance one hears pretty much the same voice as in those of 1906, but less well reproduced, in only half of the aria, and with piano accompaniment.

The previous LP's offered literal dubbings of the original 78-rpm recordings which reproduced the voice I heard at the Metropolitan as I remembered it. The new album, the foreward tells us, represents the application of the skills Victor engineers have acquired in "enhancing the sound of an old recording" by means of "electronic facilities which . . . add a lifelike quality to the original sound." And the apprehensions aroused by these statements turned out to be justified by the records. After the final chord of a performance I heard an echoing sound of the chord that continued for a few instants in what could not be anything but an echo chamber; and this "electronic facility," presumably, was involved in the changes I heard in Caruso's voice: it sounded now as though it had a coat of shiny varnish; and in the recordings of his last years it had not its dark magnificence of those years but a brighter "brilliance." This made me suspect the engineers had peaked the treble; and when I tried canceling the peak by turning the treble control all the way down, the changes disappeared and I heard again the true voice of the original recordings. So too with the voices of Farrar, Gluck and Homer: with normal treble they were distorted; with treble turned down they changed to the lovely voices I remembered. And finally I must mention a metallic accompanying resonance that was especially strong and disturbing in *"O Paradiso"* from *L'Africaine* and audible in varying degree in a few other performances.

THE combination of its unique timbre, liquid splendor and thrilling power made Caruso's the most extraordinary voice of his time; but how remarkable some other voices of that time were one can hear on a few recent Scala records—or rather one can hear it in certain of the dubbed acoustical recordings, which were made originally at different times and offer differing reproductions of the voice, some bright, some dim, some clear, some obscured by noise from the dubbed record. Slezak's *"Ora e per sempre addio"* from *Otello* on Scala 823, for example, emerges from a murky and noisy context as the most impressive performance of this excerpt I can recall hearing, exhibiting a heroic tenor voice which astounds one not only with the power and beauty that are revealed more clearly in other arias, but with its capacity for the delicate lyricism of the performance of the aria from *Stradella*. In addition there is the beautiful phrasing that is heard also in Schubert's *Wohin,* Wolf's *Verschwiegene Liebe,* Strauss' *Caecilie* and *Ich trage meine Minne,* which unfortunately come off the record with varying amounts of noise —the Wolf song with the most.

The singer I remember as the outstanding artist in the Chicago Opera Company that visited New York from about 1918 to 1922 is not Mary Garden, whose acidulous voice and half-dozen mannerisms were her entire stock-in-trade by that time, but the tenor Muratore, with his superb voice and compelling stage presence. One hears a fine voice in the arias from *Werther, Manon* and *Carmen* on Scala 824; in the aria from *Mona Vanna* it has an additional lustre that makes it the voice I remember. A few details aren't in good musical taste by present-day standards; but they are as nothing compared with the liberties his wife Lina Cavalieri permits herself in the "Jewel Song" from *Faust* on the reverse side. Her voice here and in an aria from *Me-*

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fistofele is lovely, but is less attractive in the mannered performance of the "Habanera" from *Carmen*.

Scala 819 offers later recordings of arias from *Manon* (the first very noisy) and *Lakme* and a cavatina from *La Dame blanche* by the tenor Edmond Clement in which one hears the beautiful voice and lyric style of his maturity; it also offers early and noisy recordings which produce a different and less beautiful voice. And in the early *"Ecco ridente"* from *The Barber of Seville* Clement takes astonishing liberties with phrasing and tempo and with his interpolation of high notes and trills; but the vocal execution he exhibits in all this is equally astonishing.

Among what—judging by the accompaniments—I take to be early recordings by John McCormack on Scala 820 are two of arias from *Aida* and *Rigoletto* which offer the surprise of a few distortions of phrase and tempo that I don't recall in his later recordings. The voice, however, is superb; and there are no distortions in the aria from *Carmen*.

The famous baritone Maurel, whose singing in *Don Giovanni* and *Otello* Shaw wrote about in the nineties, had little voice left when he recorded the performances on Scala 822; but he could still use it with impressive vocal art in *"Era la notte"* from *Otello*. The musical art is less admirable; and Shaw didn't prepare me for the shockingly mannered delivery of the serenade from *Don Giovanni*. But the performances, in Italian and French, of *"Quand' ero paggio"* from *Falstaff* are delightful. On the reverse side are recordings by Richard Mayr which exhibit a no more than agreeable voice.

I still remember—in a performance of *Tristan* in 1922 or '23—the overpowering opulence of Onegin's mezzo-soprano in Brangaene's call from the tower. This is poorly reproduced on Scala 821; but one can hear the extraordinary lustrous beauty of her voice in *"Amour, viens aider"* from *Samson et Dalila*, its extraordinary range, power and suppleness in arias from *Orfeo*, *La Gioconda* and Handel's *Rinaldo;* its amazing agility in florid music in the *"Alleluja"* from Mozart's *Exultate, Jubilate.*

A COMMUNICATION

(Continued from inside front cover)

politicians modify their policy. The Gandhian refusal of the Montgomery Negroes to ride in Jim Crow buses, despite all the catcalls for "moderation," has done more for democracy than thousands of votes for men who would have paid no attention to the segregation issue if it weren't for such acts.

America will recover from the doldrums of McCarthyism and militarism only when it forges a new non-Communist left. To the extent that liberal forces lend strength to the center, the center shifts to the right. To the extent that they support "lesser evils," the evils become greater.

The first prerequisite for progressive politics today is that we do not abandon the idea of a third party, that we somehow hold aloft the banner of dissent. In the practical sense this may not sound like a solution — but only if we think of politics as exclusively a matter of voting. It is actually better — if we have to make the choice — not to vote at all but to organize effective political action and education at the grass roots, than to exercise our franchise lethargically while doing nothing against the tide of mass conformity and apathy.

Many liberals would agree with this. But they contend that since there is no real third party today the best one can do is vote for the lesser of two evils. "At least X would be better on some domestic issues," they say. It is understandable that men who believe so fervently in the free ballot should not wish to abstain from using it. But no true liberal today can vote for either of the major parties and justify it ideologically or even strategically. He can improve no one's political sights with that vote. It is far better, I feel, to vote for one of the minor parties — the Socialist, if you wish — and explain it as a vote of dissent.

Whatever the practical solution, there ought to be room for a third choice on a Presidential poll, and there ought to be a firm rejection of the false mythologies that surround the voting process.

SIDNEY LENS

Chicago, Ill.

Correction

In Paul Bowles' *View from Tangier*, published in *The Nation* of June 30, the reference to the number of French troops should have read 500,000 instead of 50,000.

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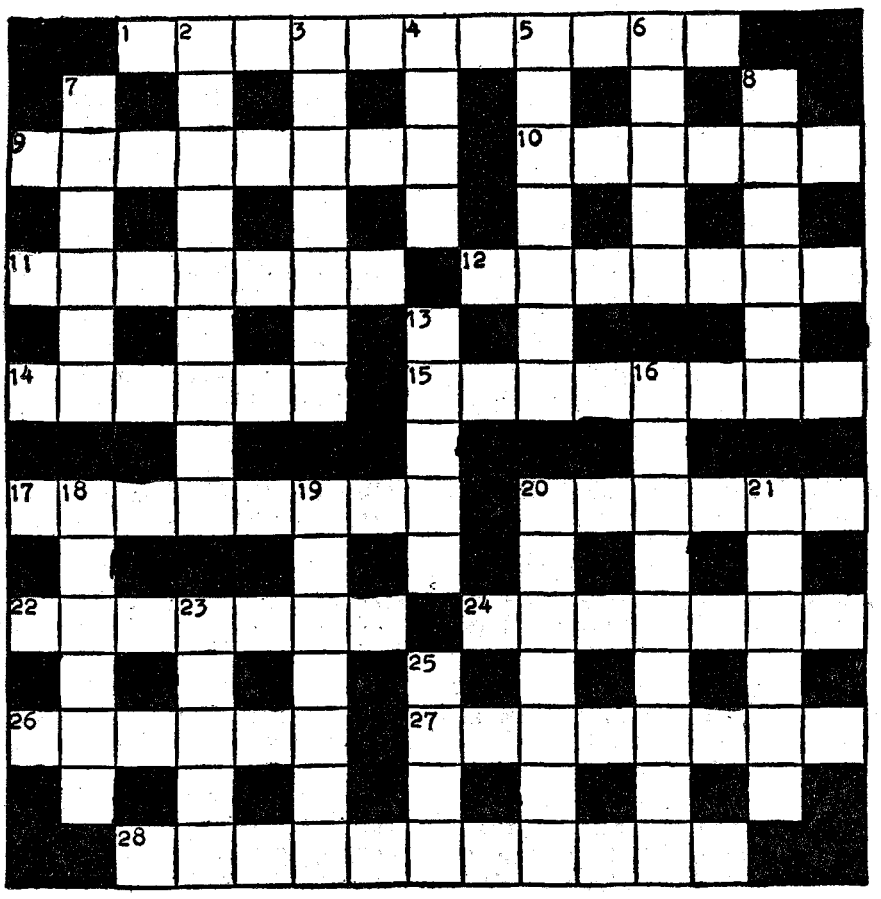
Crossword Puzzle No. 683

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 This man is confused and finally gets the noose, perhaps—no wonder he doesn't like us! (11)
9 The most satisfactory mode of travel is forking a saddle, obviously. (8)
10 and 2 down This may lead to apprehension on the part of your wife. (6, 9)
11 and 13 down Excellent 3 down, but not necessarily connected with a bull market. (7, 5)
12 A priceless 28 is sort of like this grotesque form. (7)
14 Inside the islands — without mentioning which. (6)
15 These sometimes tell on us. (8)
17 Rather excited in the center, if excited. (8)
20 Several different birds might be. (6)
22 Rests badly, but all right inside—hold the place where they might be. (7)
24 The dead, scattered about the conflict, are given medals, perhaps. (7)
26 Not as two peas, certainly. (6)
27 Appearing with a short feature? (3-5)
28 Present in opposition. (11)

DOWN:

2 See 10 across
3 Comes up with all the tricks in a life group. (7)
4 One who equals the head of 5. (4)
5 Implying a quarrel on board? (7)
6 Should those with water on the knee wear them? (5)
7 Hold 18 wrong. (6)
8 What those charms were supposed to do, believe me! (6)
13 See 11 across.
16 Twisting twirl over the plant. (9)
18 One sees through this 7, in a way. (6)
19 You wouldn't want this pet odor to strike you unawares. (7)
20 Go ahead and bet she's a lady! (7)
21 Such a jacket should roll or fold up easily. (6)
23 One would hardly use this tool with a sort of 25. (5)
25 Uprising in the bone. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 682

ACROSS: 1 BUTTERFAT; 6 DISCS; 9 BEACHED; 10 ARTICLE; 11 LIE; 16 FENDER; 18 BESTIR; 20, 25, 24 AND 2 THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE; 23 LURK; 28 AND 1 DOWN TOWER OF BABEL; 29 ANNUALS; 30, 13 AND 15 ACROSS ROSES FROM THE SOUTH; 31 SIDESTEPS. DOWN: 3 ETHNOLOGIC; 4 FEDERATE; 5 TRAINS; 6 AND 12 DATE OF RANK; 7 SECURED; 8 STEAM IRON; 14 TERMAGANT; 15 TABULATOR; 17 THAILAND; 19 SCRAWLS; 21 NITRATE; 22 BLUFFS; 26 EASES; 27 ARTS.

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